

The Prayer of Agassiz.

BY JOHN C. WHITNEY.

On the lake of Pontchartré,

Ranged about by sulphur fumes,

Fanned by breezes soft and cool,

Rode the master with his school,

Over hills that rise in vain

To reach the west wind's steady strain,

Like of coast that low and far

Breathed its refreshing air,

Wings aloft along the rim

Of the waves that ebb and flow,

Rock and sea and glittering foam,

Felt the beautiful white day.

Said the master to the youth:

"We have come in search of truth,

Trying with uncertain key

To pierce the mystery,

To reach the heart of things,

To find the hidden things,

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The Magical River--A Fairy Tale.

Once upon a time (in the year 194), there was

a country called the Fairies' Quarters. Nothing

but magical things could live there, and if a common

mortal had been taken there by a mortal,

both it and the person who carried it would have

perished unless they bathed in the magical river,

a soft rippling little stream, which ran through a

valley at the entrance of the Fairy home, and

which the fairies called the Mortals' River of

Life, because when the mortals came to this

country, if they bathed in that river, they would

not perish, but would gain renewed life. There

was an old witch living near the river, who kept

such close guard over it, that nobody could bathe

in it except the fairies. A young Prince, who

was always looking for some wonderful thing like

this, thought that he, surely, could bathe in the

river, no matter how many witches kept guard

over it. So one bright morning he set off, and

walked all day. In the evening, just as he was

spreading out his great coat to rest himself, he

saw near him a little mound of earth. He watched

it for about five minutes, and then saw a crack

in it. The crack grew wider and wider, and pre-

sently a little man popped out. He was about

two feet high, dressed in little brown pants with

a small red coat, and a dull greenish cap. His

little green eyes twinkled with mischief, and his

white beard dragged several feet on the ground.

In his hand he held a casket containing many

diamonds and rubies which he displayed to view.

He then said in a little cracked voice, that the

Prince could have them if he could get a bathe in

the Mortals' River of Life. The Prince told him

that he was on his way to the river, but did not

know exactly where to find it. The ground dwarf

said, with a wicked twinkling of the eye, that he

would lead him to the spot if the Prince would

allow himself to be blindfolded. The Prince con-

sented, thinking that the little man could mean

no harm. The dwarf took out a horn, blew a

loud, quick blast, and then touching it with his

finger, it disappeared. He looked at some net-

tles that were growing close by, tore them up

and stepped on them, and they turned into a

handkerchief. Tying it around the Prince's eyes,

he led him into the forest. Presently they stop-

ped, and the dwarf gave a low peculiar whis-

per. The Prince told the handkerchief from his eyes,

and found himself surrounded by hundreds of lit-

tle men, each with small needles in their hands.

The one that led the Prince, gave a sign to

the others, and they jumped on him and put

out his eyes. They then suddenly disappeared in

the ground which opened with a loud noise. The

Prince heard the crash and then all was silent.

The day was beginning to dawn, and the poor

Prince wandered on not knowing whither he went.

The sun was rising, and the place glistened

like the dwarf's jewels; but the poor youth could

see nothing of this. His thoughts wandered

far back to the beautiful home he had left.

He remembered how a pair of blue eyes looked

sorrowfully into his; how a soft hand of snowy

whiteness stole around his neck, and a pair of

vermillion lips met his. He thought he could

never see her again. He did not know that after

he left, she, fearing something might happen to

him, harnessed her pony and started after him;

but it was so, and while she was riding through

a thick part of the forest, she heard footsteps be-

hind her, and stopped her carriage. She saw

that wonderful personage called Quicksilver. He

told her where the Prince went, and gave her a

lead that would make her invisible. She took it,

thanked him, and rode on. She did not see the

Prince, and began to doubt that he was in the

forest; but she stamped her foot, and sent the

pony home, and wandered on alone. While the

Prince was thinking that he could never see her

again, she stepped softly up. Seeing that he

was blind she was filled with the deepest sorrow,

and burst into tears. The Prince was in great

pain, and the maiden thought it would ease the

smart to bathe his eyes, so she went to find wa-

ter. Soon she saw this rippling river, and hast-

ened toward it. When she got near to it, be-

ing in the Fairies' country, she felt very faint

and sick; she saw the old woman of the river, but

still had the lead that Quicksilver gave her, and

the witch, with all her magic arts, could not see

her. She plunged into the river, got the old

witch's drinking cup, filled it with water, and

came out again. The witch saw the ripples on

the water, but supposing it was one of her fish,

she thought no more about it. The maiden, on

getting out of the water, felt so strong and fresh

that she did not know what to make of it.

Suddenly she thought of the river the Prince

was going to see, and knew that this must be it.

She soon reached her lover, and on bathing his

eyes she was surprised to find they were well

again. The maiden, who needed the lead no

more, now threw it away. Before the Prince

stood the object of his thoughts and affections;

he raised his eyes to her's and saw her looking

prier than ever he had looked before, and she

was always the prettiest maiden in the world.

She stamped her foot, and there stood the pony

carriage. They both got in, and soon arrived at

the castle. In the evening there was great re-

joicing, and word was passed from mouth to

mouth that the Prince and the maiden were to

be married. They lived to a ripe old age, and

were loved by every one.

CLARA.

-Do you go to Sabbath-school, my lad?" kind-

ly asked a city missionary of a dejected little

Dobsonie urchin. "Nary," answered the in-

nocent child, "but I've got a fightin' cock that

can walk over any bird in this town that wears

guffs."

Gloomy and dissipated youth (who has dis-

covered that life is not worth having)--"I hope

I shan't be alive after 30!" Unsympathetic

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